

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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OCTOBER, 1871.

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## PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

### PART II.

PERHAPS there is no class of spiritual apparitions so universal and so well attested as that of the appearance of spirits at or about the time of death. In the following case, however, the phenomenon is of a more complex kind. We cannot here enter into the philosophy of this form of spiritual vision, but leaving this to the consideration of the thoughtful reader, we give the story as our author relates it. It may be called—

### THE FUNERAL COACH.

“1855, March 28.—The following story was told me by Lady S——, who heard it from Mr. M——, a gentleman of considerable note, and one not at all given to romancing:—

“Mr. M——, a well-known lawyer, went to stay with Mr. T——, in the county of —— . In the course of their first evening together, Mr. M—— learned that, among his host’s neighbours, was an old friend of his own, for whom he had great regard; but of whom he had lost sight since college days. The next morning Mr. M—— asked the gentleman of the house if he would forgive him if he walked over to see his old friend; adding a request that if he were asked to dinner, he might be allowed to accept the invitation.

“On being assured that he might do whatever was most agreeable to himself, he went to make his call—not on foot, as he had proposed, but in his friend’s dog-cart. As he anticipated, the gentleman he went to see insisted on his staying to dinner. He consented, and sent the groom back with the dog-cart, with a message to his master to say that, as it would be a fine moonlight night, he should prefer walking home. After having

passed a very agreeable day with the old fellow-collegian, he bade him good-bye; and, fortified with a couple of cigars, sallied forth on his return. On his way he had to pass through the pleasant town of —, and on coming to the church in the main street, he leaned against the iron railings of the churchyard while he struck a match and lighted his second cigar. At that moment the church clock began to strike. As he had left his watch behind him, and did not feel certain whether it were ten o'clock or eleven, he stayed to count, and to his amazement found it twelve. He was about to hurry on, and make up for lost time, when his curiosity was pricked, and the stillness of the night broken, by the sound of carriage wheels on the road, moving at a snail's pace, and coming up the side street directly facing the spot where he was standing. The carriage proved to be a mourning-coach, which, on turning at right angles out of the street in which Mr. M—— first saw it, pulled up at the door of a large red brick house. Not being used to see mourning-coaches out at such an unusual hour, and wondering to see this one returning at such a funereal pace, he thought he would stay and observe what happened. The instant the coach drew up at the house, the carriage door opened, then the street door, and then a tall man, deadly pale, in a suit of sables, descended the carriage steps, and walked into the house. The coach drove on, and Mr. M—— resumed his walk. On reaching his quarters, he found the whole household in bed, with the exception of the servant, who had received orders to stay up for him.

"The next morning, at breakfast, after he had given the host and hostess an account of his doings on the previous day, he turned to the husband and asked him the name of the person who lived in the large red brick house directly opposite the churchyard. 'Who lives in it?' 'Mr. P——, the lawyer!' 'Do you know him?' 'Yes; but not at all intimately. We usually exchange visits of ceremony about once a year, I think.'

"Mr. M. 'Does any one live with him? Is he married?'

"Answer. 'No. Two maiden sisters live with him. He is a bachelor, and likely to remain one; for, poor fellow, he is a sad invalid. If I am not mistaken, he is abroad at this moment, on account of his health.'

"Mr. M—— then mentioned his motive for asking these questions. When he had told of his adventure, he proposed that, after lunch, they should drive to — and call on the ladies, and see if, by their help, they could not unravel the mystery. Full of their object, they paid their visit, and after the usual interchange of commonplace platitudes, the sisters were asked if they had heard lately of their brother. They said, 'No; not for weeks: and felt rather uneasy in consequence.'

Mr. M——, surprised at not seeing them in mourning, asked them if they had not lately sustained a great loss. 'No,' they replied: 'why do you ask such a question?' 'Oh,' said Mr. M—— 'because of the mourning-coach I saw, with some gentleman of this family in it, returning from a funeral so late last night.' 'I think, Sir,' said one of the ladies, 'you must have mistaken this house for some other.' He shook his head confidently. At their request, he then told them what had happened. They said it was impossible that their street door could have been opened at that hour, for that every servant, as well as themselves, were in bed. The more the subject was canvassed, the farther they seemed from arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. The ladies, rather nettled at the obstinacy of his assertions, examined the servants, individually and collectively, but with no better result. Mr. M—— and his host eventually withdrew. On their drive home, Mr. M——'s friend quizzed him, and reminded him that when he saw the apparition he had dined, and dined late, and had sat long over his friend's old port. But Mr. M——, though he submitted to the badinage good-humouredly, remained 'of the same opinion still.'

"A week after, when Mr. M—— was in his chambers in London, his friend from the country burst in upon him, and said, 'I know you are much engaged, but I could not resist running in to tell you that the two ladies we called on last week, three or four days after our visit received a letter, telling them that their brother, "a tall, pale man," had died at Malta, at twelve o'clock on the very night you saw the mourning-coach and the person in it at their door.'"

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Our author relates another remarkable incident as follows. He styles it—

#### DRIVING OVER A GHOST.

"June, 1835.—I was dining with a friend in Grosvenor-street, when the subject of spectra, ghosts, and second-sight, came on the *tapis*. I told one story which I had been told by my friend Mr. J. C——. It was this:—He was returning with a university chum to his college at Oxford, at the end of the Christmas vacation, on the outside of the latest coach from London. The snow at the time lay so deep on the surface of the ground, that the wheels of coaches and carts moved through it as noiselessly as if they had been muffled. The moon rode high in the heavens, and shone so brightly, that all the objects around were as distinctly visible as if it had been midday. Mr. C—— considered himself fortunate in having secured the box seat for himself; and yet, although he shared the benefit of the

coachman's leathern apron, and had on a great coat and cloak, a worsted comforter round his neck, and a flask of brandy in his side-pocket, he was half starved with cold before he reached his journey's end. As my friend sat with his chin drooping over his chest, his hat pulled tightly over his rime-covered brows, his eyes blinking like an owl's from the combined effect of east wind, which was blowing penknives and razors, and half frozen snow-flakes, he was roused up from an almost irresistible inclination to fall asleep by a disagreeable consciousness of the coachman's paying more attention to the guard behind, than to the horses in front. Suddenly, at a critical spot, where four roads met, he begged the coachman to mind what he was about, or else expect to be reported. The fear of risk to life and limb caused him to open his eyes and keep watch over the driver. Just as he was again about to remonstrate with him, on seeing him about to relapse and crack jokes with the guard, a warning note on the bugle was given by the guard to a man walking in the middle of the road, who evidently did not hear the approach of the coach, and who was dressed in a white smock frock, ill suited to such inclement weather, and carrying a stick over his right shoulder, with a small pack hanging from it. Mr. C—— had hardly caught sight of the man ere he saw one of the splinter bars on the near side, strike his hip with such force as to knock him down. There had been a premonitory shout from one or two of the 'outsides;' but the roaring of the wind which they were facing, deadened the sound, and it came too late. In a second every one on the top of the coach, as well as those inside, distinctly felt the coach lurch and heave over some object in the middle of the highway. The 'insides,' who had not seen the man, concluded that they had been driven over a heap of roadside mud scrapings, which had been hardened by the action of the frost; but those who had witnessed the lamentable catastrophe from the top of the coach, were confident that it was the body of a human being—and that human being the pedlar—over which they had been driven. The coachman pulled up instantaneously, all the outside passengers jumped down from their seats to render help. The first among them was the guard, who took one of the lamps out of the socket—moonlight though it was—the better to discern the extent of the mischief done. The next to alight was my friend Mr. C——, who, when he told me the story, confessed he felt a revulsion at the thought of the crushed, mangled, blood-besprinkled body he should behold; but he had hardly set his foot to the snow-clad earth, when he heard the guard almost yell out, 'Good heavens! there's no one hurt, there's no one to be seen.' And sure enough, after the closest search, there was

neither trace of human body, nor the slightest sign of any material object of any kind, which could account for the heaving of the coach. On the travellers returning to their seats and proceeding on their journey, an indefinable shudder crept over them; for they could neither resist the evidence of their senses, nor yet explain the supernatural phenomenon. The 'insides,' at first, tried hard to laugh away the impression on the minds of the outsides; but gradually the disposition to ridicule gave way to silence, silence to reflection, and reflection to a reverential sense of awe.

"In this mood they arrived at Wheatley, the last stage, in the old coaching days, for changing horses before entering Oxford. There they found four fresh animals waiting for them, with staring coats, in spite of rugs on their loins, and ostlers at their heads stamping with their feet, and beating their crossed arms against their ribs, and execrating the coachman for keeping them out in the cold. 'What on earth has been the matter, Old Snail? We knows the roads runs heavy, but we knows that they don't run no heavier for you than for others. There is not one of the down coaches that have been so behind time as you have.'

"The injured coachman did not deign reply; but the guard, who, not having been censured, condescended to be communicative, told them the cause of the delay. When they had heard what he had to tell, the ostler and the helper were seen to exchange looks of deep meaning with each other, and to display a strong disposition to tell something in their turn, but the air was too biting, and the passengers too importunate in their demands on Jehu to 'make haste,' to admit of such an unseasonable interruption. However, it transpired, the next day, that while the horsekeepers had been waiting for the coach, and calculating the probabilities of an accident having happened, they had held together the following colloquy:—

"*Head Ostler (log.)*: 'I say, Bill, whatever can be the matter? 'Tis an owdacious sight beyond the time, to be sure; though I've known the roads run a deal heavier than this, without such unkimmon delay. Can't make it out.'

"*Under Ostler*: 'More can't I. 'Tis not as though 'twere market-day, or Christmas Eve. Then, what wi' turkeys and geese, and sausingers, and schoolboys, one could ha' understood it,—I say, what's the day of the month? it ain't nothing par-tickler, be it?'

"*Head Ostler*: 'Oh, for the matter o' that, 'tis the 16th of January. By the bye, Bill, your axing me the day of the month has just put summut into my noddle. Though it ain't market-day, nor a holiday, yet it was this blessed day twelve-

month, and (looking at his watch) about half an hour earlier than it is now, that that there pedlar chap, wi' his wallet at his back, was murdered where the four cross-roads meet.'

"There are two gentlemen now alive who were present, and on the coach when this almost incredible adventure took place. One of those gentlemen is my authority for the story."

The question is sometimes asked, How is it that if spirits know of intended crime they do not interfere to prevent it, or when crime has been perpetrated to bring the criminal to justice? Perhaps dangers are more frequently averted by forewarnings, presentiments, dreams, mental impressions, and other modes of spiritual influence than we are aware; and no doubt they would be more frequent than they are were we more open to receive and profit by them. It is also to be hoped that spirits are not so apt to cherish vindictive feelings, and do not care to act the part of informers and detectives. Everyone, however, who is familiar with criminal records, knows that secret crimes have been brought to light and their perpetrators detected by the agency of their victims.\* That dead men sometimes tell tales, the following from our author is an instance:—

#### AN AUSTRALIAN GHOST STORY.

"1864, February.—The following ghost story was originally told me by the Honorable Captain J. V——. Details have since been supplied me from other sources. The phraseology my informant is not responsible for. That is my own. Authentication of the broad facts I have received from three or four sources.

"When the great Napoleon was taken prisoner to St. Helena, he landed at James Town. It was on the evening of October 17, 1815. The first night he passed at the house of Mr. P——; the next at a place called 'The Briars,' a country house, about a mile and a half from James Town, the property of a Mr. B——, of the firm of B——, C——, and Co. This gentleman, who afterwards was appointed purveyor to the establishment at Longwood, when Napoleon took up his final residence there, seems to have been a favourite of the Emperor's. Indeed, Forsyth, in his work entitled, 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' describes the great man, during the two months

\* Whilst we are writing, the newspapers report the trial at the Old Bailey of Claude Scott Woolley, for a murder committed last August. The perpetrator could not be found, but Woolley gave himself up and confessed his guilt. He was asked what made him give himself up, and he replied that he could not stand it any longer, as "poor old Jack (meaning the deceased) was at his bedside every night, staring at him with those large eyes of his, and he could not stand it any longer."—[Ed. S. M.]

he was at 'The Briars,' as being on the most familiar terms with the whole family, even condescending to play at romps with its junior members.

"On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon the First died. When Mrs. B——, a very handsome lady, was no more, and one of her daughters had married a gentleman of the name of A——, Mr. B——, accompanied by his unmarried daughter and his two sons, emigrated to New South Wales, and purchased a sheep farm a few miles from Sydney.

"One of their nearest neighbours was a Mr. G——, a bachelor. He had a man-servant of the name of H——, who had been a convict in Botany Bay; but who had completed his time of punishment, and had redeemed his character with his master by several years' tried fidelity and integrity.

"The elder of the two Mr. B——s rode over one day to call on Mr. G——. On asking for him at his door, he was told by H—— that he had only that very morning started for England. In utter amazement Mr. B——asked, 'What on earth could have occasioned his leaving so very hastily?' H—— professed entire ignorance of the cause; but told him that he had received letters from England the day before, which seemed to disturb him greatly; and he presumed that the intelligence conveyed in them must have caused his precipitate departure.

"Mr. B—— rode away from his friend's door, chagrined at his want of good-feeling in neither sending him intimation of his purpose nor offering to carry any message or parcel for him to his correspondents, and rather disconcerted by the embarrassed looks and reluctant answers given by the servant to his questions. He returned home, and broke the intelligence to his father, brother, and sister, who, though they evinced infinite surprise, did not hesitate to express their suspicions that all was not quite right. The younger brother, having to go into Sydney on business, expressed his intention of going to the water's side, and making rigid inquiry of the shipping agents as to the truth of Mr. G——'s departure. He returned in the evening none the wiser for his self-imposed mission. In consequence of long prevalent storms hardly a berth had been secured till within a few hours of the advertised departure of the vessel in which H—— said his master had sailed; when, in consequence of a favourable change in the weather, there was a rush for accommodation by people who had not previously given in their names. It was, therefore, quite possible that G—— had been among the number.

"For two or three weeks the B——'s remained in considerable suspense about their friend. Diligent inquiries were made

of every ship that entered the harbour, whether any letter had been sent explanatory of the cause of his sudden journey. Not a word had been received by anybody.

“ A few days after, the elder brother went into Sydney to keep an engagement with a friend, and was induced to stay and dine with him, and to remain to a later hour than usual. Mr. B——’s family was in the habit of retiring early to rest. The father and brother, therefore, went to their beds, but the sister sat up to let her brother in. He was so late in returning that she had begun to feel uneasy about him ; and, as the night was bright and clear, she put on her cloak and bonnet, intending to sally forth a few yards, in hope of catching the sound of his horse’s footsteps, when, as she opened the front door, he brushed past her, asking her impatiently, ‘ Why she was sitting up so late ? ’ ‘ Because I was nervous about you,’ she replied ; ‘ I never knew you out so late before.’ Laughing at her for her timidity, he hung up his hat and coat in the passage, and begged her to go to bed at once. Instead of attempting to do so, she deliberately resumed her seat by the lamp, and insisted on knowing what had occurred to render his cheeks so pale, and to give such a scared expression to his countenance. ‘ I know your face too well to be deceived by your assumption of indifference. You have been greatly disturbed by something ; and you won’t succeed in allaying my uneasiness by evasion and reserve.’ He submitted to her questioning with so bad a grace, that he was forced at last, in spite of himself, to admit that something unusual had occurred, and to promise that, if she would but restrain her curiosity until the same hour the following night, he would then tell her what had upset him. In the faith of that assurance she withdrew to her bed-chamber without further parley. When the family were gathered round the breakfast table next morning, the elder brother said to the younger, ‘ Our friend —— wants you and me to dine with him to-day. I shall go, and I hope that you will. And if he does, my dear sister, and we should be out as late as I was last night, I hope that you will not be as frightened as you then were, seeing that there are two of us, each well able to protect himself, and that the moon renders the night, at present, as light as the day.’ She promised they should have no cause to complain of a repetition of such weakness. The day passed on : the brothers went to their dinner party ; the father went to his bed at his usual hour ; the sister remained up, curious, but no longer anxious—endeavouring to kill the intervening time, and divert her thoughts until her brother’s return. About eleven o’clock a hurried ring at the bell announced their arrival. On opening the door to them, the two brothers entered



the room together, both betraying the same agitation, evidently produced by the same cause. As they sat down, the elder one proceeded to ratify his promise of the previous night in these startling words:—

“ Last night, as I was riding home alone at a brisk trot, I was nearly thrown over my horse’s head by his stopping dead short in the middle of the road. He broke out into a profuse sweat; his mane became erect, his nostrils snorted, his flanks heaved and palpitated with terror. On recovering my balance, my first impression was that he had seen a snake, to which all horses have an innate antipathy. I patted him caressingly on the right side of his shoulder to give him confidence, and leaned over, at the same moment, to see if there were any signs of a reptile on the ground. Observing nothing, I raised my head from my saddle-bow, and then beheld a sight which so shook my very being to its centre, that, under a sense of awe which almost froze my blood, I dug my spurs into my horse’s sides, and galloped from the spot like one distraught. As my heart began to resume its ordinary pulsations, I resorted to the usual expedients of whistling and singing aloud, in the hope of drowning reflection and bracing up my unstrung nerves. At first, I thought my brain had been over-stimulated with wine; then, that I had eaten something which had disturbed my digestion. But, the more disposed I was to ascribe the shock I had sustained to physical causes, the more persuaded I became, that it was attributable to supernatural ones. When I saw you last night, I had not courage to conjure up again before my imagination the hideous phantom I had partially succeeded in laying, by alluding to it. Nor was I willing to expose myself to the ridicule I knew I should incur by doing so. I was delighted to think I should have the company of my brother to-night, in travelling the same road. I made up my mind not to forewarn him of what might happen, for fear it might bias his impressions. I thought if, perchance, he should see what I had seen, and experience the same eerie sensations I had felt, I should be fortified in my belief that it was no mental hallucination under which I had laboured, but that the finger of the Most High was pointing out to us the only means of discovering an atrocious crime. Well, what I saw last night I have again seen to-night; and what is of more importance, your brother —— has seen it too. All our experiences have been the same. There has been no variation whatever between the phenomena of the two nights. In giving you my testimony of last night, I give you our brother’s also of to-night.

“ ‘ Know, then, that when my horse exhibited the alarm I have described to you, I turned my head in the direction from

whence the poor brute kept cringing away, in spite alike of spur and pat, and saw, to my ineffable horror, seated on the rail which fences off the fields from the high road, the ghastly figure of G—— in his night gear, with his throat cut, and, with woeful expression of countenance, pointing to a spot in the field behind him. When our brother's horse to-night caught sight of this hideous object, he uttered a neigh of almost human terror, and darted off as if possessed, and never stopped till he reached his stable door.

" ' Now I know not what you may think of all this. But we two, at all events, have determined on our course of action. We consider we have received a specific ' call ' to leave no stone unturned to discover the perpetrator of this heinous murder. '

" Next morning, in prosecution of their purpose, they jumped into their dog-cart, and drove to a hut inhabited by Boshmen, a sort of human bloodhound, singularly gifted with the faculty of smell. They engaged the services of one, and took him with them. They gave him no clue to the object of their search; but when within two hundred yards of the haunted spot; they dropped him out of the carriage, and told him to inform them if he noticed anything particular in their neighbourhood. He started off at a jog trot; but, as he drew near to the railings on which G——'s ghost had been seen, he quickened his pace, smelt at the wooden fence, and, turning round, cried out with evident satisfaction, ' Ah! ah! Man! man! man! ' Then, vaulting over the railings into the adjoining field, he made his way to the very locality which had been mysteriously indicated by the finger of the apparition. He plunged, feet foremost, into a circular sheep-pond of considerable circumference, but no great depth, stooped down, and passed his hand lightly over the surface of the water, like one skimming cream from a milk-bowl. Applying it to his lips, with eyes gleaming with animal excitement, he cried out, ' Fat of man! fat of man! ' thrust his spear into some object beneath the water, and wriggled, and struggled, as if tugging at some inanimate object too heavy for him to lift. Finding he could not raise it with his spear, he stooped down, and presently brought up from the bottom in his arms the decomposed body of the missing G—— in his night dress—his throat cut from ear to ear. The brothers helped to lift the body into the dog-cart, then drove to G——'s house; and as soon as H—— made his appearance, laid hands on him, showed him the mutilated body of his late master, and directly charged him with the murder. Taken thus unawares, he made no attempt to defend himself, but obstinately held his tongue. He was tried, condemned, and hanged; primarily, through the instrumentality of the

apparition; secondarily, through the circumstantial evidence produced against him.

"Not long after I had heard this story, the truth of the main facts of which has been corroborated by two friends of my own, who were in Sydney at the time when H —— was executed, I met at lunch, at the table of a most valued friend, the late F. N——, M.P. for Hastings, a gentleman who told this very story in my presence. I said to him, 'I have heard and repeated that story myself. But you speak as if you had known of the facts personally.' 'And so I did,' was the reply. 'I was the chief and oldest magistrate at Sydney, before whom the depositions against the culprit were taken.' This gentleman I found to be Mr. McA——, the oldest and one of the most respected settlers in New South Wales.

"Since committing this story to paper, I have been told it has already been published; but from no one can I learn by whom, or wherein it is to be found; and therefore I venture still to send it to press.\* The late Admiral M—— told me that he knew the B—— family well; and, indeed, had known them since June 18, 1815, when, as flag-captain to Sir P. M——, he was presented to Napoleon.

"I know two gentlemen who, though they were not present at the trial, remember hearing of it, shortly after it took place, when in Sydney; and the testimony of such a man as Mr. McA—— is reputed to be, I should think, would dispose any unprejudiced mind to believe the material facts."

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Here is an instance given by our author, and it is one we remember to have read many years ago in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, of—

#### MURDER DISCOVERED BY A DREAM.

"1870, November 14.—Spent a delightful week at Bedgebury Park with Mr. Beresford and Lady Mildred Hope. . . . The following story was told me by my host, who had it from the late Field-Marshal Lord Beresford, who received it from his father, the first Lord Waterford.

"The last named nobleman was one day conversing on some matter of business in his courtyard with the landlord of a small

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\* The story is given in *Alexander's East India Magazine*, vol. ii., p. 154, which states that the writer was present in the colony when the event occurred, and that the facts stated appeared in evidence on the trial referred to, and that it is "on the records of His Majesty's Supreme Court at Sydney." It will also be found in *Legends and Miracles*, by the Rev. J. E. SMITH, M.A.; and in the *Quarterly Review* (we think for either 1859 or 1860). An abstract of it is given in the *Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts*, No. 3, new series.—[Ed. S. M.]

inn in the neighbourhood, when he was interrupted by his gamekeeper, who told him, with much agitation, of a murder which had been committed. The body of the murdered man had been discovered lying on the bleak side of a mountain near at hand. The instant the innkeeper overheard the statement, he exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, and in a tone of confirmed conviction, 'Then it must have been the little one!' In explanation of these words, which had escaped from his lips involuntarily, he told Lord Waterford that but two nights before, he had dreamed that he had seen a tall man murder a short one with whom he had been in company. Such strong hold had the dream taken of his imagination, that when the very next evening two men, precisely answering the description of those he had seen in his sleep, applied to him for a night's accommodation, he refused them. His wife, however, to whom he had not then told his dream, thinking the fair fame of the inn might be jeopardised if it went forth that strangers had been repelled from the door without reason assigned, admitted them at the back part of the premises. When she told her husband afterwards what she had done, and her motives for so doing, he suppressed the avowal of his own reasons for objecting to them lest he should alarm her, put the best possible face he could on the matter, and waited on them civilly while they had their supper. During the progress of their meal he observed, to his infinite surprise, and in confirmation of his worst suspicions, that the taller man, instead of using the table knife prepared for him, produced from his pocket a large one of very peculiar construction, which he recognized as having seen in his dream. From the tenor of their discourse while in attendance on them, he gathered that they had accidentally met on the high road in returning from the coast, and had discovered that they had both been engaged in the same enterprise, *viz.* the Newfoundland cod-fishing, though with very different success; for the tall man complained bitterly of his ill-luck, declaring that he was worse off than when he went out, while the short one, on the contrary, boasted inordinately of his gains.

"The murder was no sooner known than a prompt and energetic search after the culprit was set on foot. The landlord volunteered his services as guide. The tall man, the man last seen in company with the murdered one, and therefore the first to be suspected, was obliged to go up to Carrick to cross the bridge into Tipperary. There he was run to earth, apprehended and tried (the foreman of the jury being Sir James May); and the testimony of the landlord of the inn, coupled with the unusual shape of the knife, formed together strong links in the chain of circumstantial evidence, which led to his conviction, condemnation, and execution."

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We have quoted largely from these pleasant and instructive pages ; but, before closing them, we would give yet another of these Passages from the Journal of a Country Clergyman. It is one of many that are on record, in which the dead seek the prayers and good offices of the living in their behalf.

A NIGHT IN A CHURCH.

" 1868, May 19.—The following story was told me by one who had it from the lips of a noble lord, once representing our sovereign at the capital of a great country. Subsequently I had the honour of making his lordship's acquaintance at the Dowager Countess B——'s, and I asked him if it were true. He assured me it was told to him by the brother of the person who is the hero of the tale.

" In the year 1783, the town of Messina, in Sicily, was visited by reiterated shocks of earthquake. The splendid crescent of houses which faced the Marina was reduced to ruins, and the narrow streets were choked up with the *débris* of the fallen buildings. Strange to say, though the prebendal residences adjacent to the cathedral were levelled with the dust, the great building itself remained intact, a fact not unnaturally attributed by the people to the direct interposition of Providence.

" A certain Chevalier St. Priest, residing at Venice, an eminent archæologist, had long contemplated visiting Messina for the purpose of verifying certain inscriptions, and making drawings of certain monuments in the cathedral, with which to illustrate a work on which he was engaged.

" Alarmed by the frequency of these tremendous convulsions, he determined, without further delay, to put his long-cherished project into execution. On arriving at Messina, his first object was to select suitable quarters for himself; his next, to see the custodian of the sanctuary, tell him the purport of his visit, and propitiate him with a liberal gratuity, so as to obtain permission to examine closely, and copy carefully the various objects of his curiosity.

" One day, weeks after his arrival, he became so keenly engrossed with his work, and so well satisfied with his success, as to forget the flight of time, until reminded of it by the lengthening shadows of the waning day upon his paper. The moment that he was made aware of the lateness of the hour, he closed his portfolio, and made his way to the western gate. To his dismay he found it locked. He then essayed to get out by the door either of the north or south transept, but with no better success. At last, with considerable difficulty, he clambered up to the only window within his reach, and shouted

and halloed loudly, in the hope of attracting the notice of passers by; but, owing to the dilapidated condition of the houses in the vicinity, the lateness of the hour, and the seclusion of the spot, he called in vain. Perceiving that there was no alternative but submission to his fate, he 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' and made up his mind to pass the night within the consecrated walls as best he might. The slight and slender chairs with which the nave was furnished did not promise much comfort to his weary frame, nor did he anticipate more from a bed extemporized upon a marble tomb. Before long, however, his eye fell on a wooden confessional in one of the side aisles, in the central compartment of which, with the added help of a couple of cane-bottomed chairs, he flattered himself he might succeed in winning sleep.

"As the gloaming gradually deepened into darkness, the aspect of the interior of the edifice became strangely weird and ghastly. However, in an hour or two the sombre clouds dispersed, and unveiled the queen of night in all her glory. Save where she shed her pale rays on shafted oriel or emblazoned scutcheon, the nave and aisles were plunged in profoundest shadow. The chancel itself was but partially illumined by the 'dim religious light' reflected from the lamp which burned perpetually before the reserved sacrament.

"The hour, the place, the loneliness, the melancholy moaning of the wind, did not tend to diminish the awe which, in spite of his better judgment, would steal over his fevered senses as he closed his eyelids and tried to compose himself to sleep. After troubled and unrefreshing slumber, during which his powers of endurance had been severely tested, he was startled from a spasmodic doze by the clang of the great clock striking the hour in the campanile. With that acute sensibility to sound which is so often the attendant of restlessness, he not only heard but felt the tongue of the bell vibrating through the vaulted roof till it had sounded its warning note eleven times. Instinctively he opened his eyes, and as he did so, to his horror, saw the figure of a monk, in cowl and beads and dusky garb, issue from the wall of the apse behind the altar, and, with tread unheard, slowly descend the steps of the dais, glide, 'now in glimmer now in gloom,' to the extremity of the west end, and then return, uttering in saddest accents this plaintive appeal to empty air—'O, God! O, God! is there no kind Christian here who will offer up one mass for my poor soul?'

"On regaining the chancel steps, the figure remounted them, and vanished within the same spot in the wall from which it had emerged.

"St. Priest, although constitutionally brave, was a person

of acute sensibility and of lively imagination; so that, after what he had seen, his breath became thick, and his head began to swim, as he calculated the probabilities of the phantom's re-appearance at the witching hour of midnight. He vowed within himself that, 'if it should walk again he'd speak to it,' were it 'a spirit of health or goblin damned!' For a whole hour he lay, reckoning the minutes by his own pulse, till the iron tongue of time should strike the hour of twelve. When the last stroke had died away, the same mysterious scene was re-enacted, with one slight variation. The apparition, instead of wending its way down the nave, swept like a gust of wind through the side aisle, where the Chevalier was sitting, brushed his knees with its robe of serge, so as to chill his marrow by the contact, cause the skin of his scalp to rise, and his flesh to creep with loathing. Conquering his quivering nerves by a vigorous effort of the will, he jumped from off his seat, peered into the cowl, and staggered back appalled—*there was nothing in it but a skull!* Again the same words as before assailed his ear—'O, God! O, God! is there no kind Christian here who will say one mass for my poor soul?' St. Priest, a Knight of Malta, and also a priest, shouted forth loudly, 'That will I;' and, springing up the steps to the altar, celebrated mass for him. While so engaged the muffled figure disappeared; and, the service ended, from behind the wall a hollow voice was heard to say, 'O kind Christian, every night for upwards of one hundred years I have paced these aisles, uttering the same sad supplication; but never before heard voice of human sympathy in response. I know of but one way by which I can requite you for the service you have rendered me. Mark well, then, what I say. Three days before your final doom I will appear to you again, and warn you of the dread foe's approach. May you not die as I did—unprepared and unanointed.'

"As the voice died away in its own echo, our hero, exhausted by over excitement, and want of rest and food, swooned away upon the marble floor. 'Where he fell, there he lay,' till he was discovered in the morning by the verger, who after procuring help, carried him safely to his lodgings.

"Days elapsed before he rallied thoroughly from the shock his nervous system had sustained. No sooner was he pronounced convalescent, than he sent for the two or three friends he had in the place, and recounted to them his singular experience. His statement was received, if not with scorn, at least with incredulity; and all that he had asserted he had seen and heard was ascribed to the combined effects of inanition, and a brain unduly taxed.

"Two or three years after the occurrence detailed had been almost forgotten, St. Priest was invited to dine with these same friends. He accepted the invitation cheerfully; but, on the day appointed, and only a few minutes before the hour of dinner, he called on them to say that, in spite of his promise, he *could* not join them. 'Why?' was their natural enquiry. 'Are you ill? or are you going on a journey?' 'Both,' was the reply. 'I am about to take a journey, to that bourn whence no traveller returns. I *am* ill! and medical advisers, but now, have told me that I have that within me which renders my death possible at any instant. This announcement did not take me by surprise; for last night my doom was foreshadowed to me. I had a spectral visit and the promised warning from my ghostly friend of the cathedral.'

"His hearers made no attempt to rally him out of a conviction which had evidently taken strong hold of him. It was well they did not; for in eight-and-forty hours he was dead.

"Many years went by, when a part of the apse of the cathedral giving signs of insecurity, the capitular body resolved to restore it. In the progress of the repairs, a cavity was discovered in the wall, some seven feet in height by three in breadth, immediately behind the spot where the altar had stood, from which were drawn up the mouldering relics of a monkish garb, a rotten rope, and a human skeleton.

"The story of the Chevalier St. Priest's midnight adventure in the cathedral, which had been repeatedly told after his decease, recurred to the memory of some of the canons, and they agreed to make a searching examination of the records in the muniment room, in the hope that some light might thereby be thrown on circumstances involved in so much mystery.

"After an elaborate investigation, they were about to relinquish their search in despair, when they came upon an old yellow time-discoloured document, from which they learned that 110 years before that period, one of their body, a monk, had been detected in the commission of a crime of such exceptional atrocity, that, to screen their order from the disgrace of public exposure, the Chapter immured the wretched culprit alive within the very wall which had yielded up his earthly remains."

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Should Mr. Young favour us with a continuation of extracts from his Journal we may look for another crop of stories similar to those we have here quoted; for as his Journal approaches nearer to the present time these become more frequent. Those cited, with one exception, are all from his second volume.



Were they first published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, we could not expect them to receive much attention from the general public; but reported by a clergyman of the Establishment, in good standing, and issued from so respectable a house as that of Macmillan, Cambridge University publisher, they may perhaps receive a larger share of public regard.

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### WHAT THE AUTHOR OF "MARY JANE" NOW THINKS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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IN 1863, a guinea volume appeared under the quaint title of *Mary Jane; or, Spiritualism Chemically Explained*, and from which we at the time made copious extracts. Its author, Mr. Samuel Guppy, has since witnessed many and very remarkable manifestations in his investigation of Spiritualism, chiefly in his own house, and through the mediumship of his wife, and of which even his favourite science of chemistry does not suggest an explanation. Perhaps of all these strange experiences in connection with Mrs. Guppy the most startling is that recorded in our May number, in the article on "The Transportation of Mediums," and which called forth articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, *Echo*, *Observer*, and other journals. Mr. Guppy has addressed a long letter to the newspapers, abounding in humorous shrewd observation and good sense, in reply to these criticisms, if they may be so called. The following extract shows that he has considerably improved on the *chemical* theory of *Mary Jane*, and from it the reader can see what its author now thinks of Spiritualism. After speaking of some of his experiences and the confidence in the unseen power with which they had inspired him, Mr. Guppy continues:—

"Under these circumstances, you may safely conclude that there are spirit powers separate from, but connected with the human race, sharing our happiness or misery. Kind and affectionate when treated with respect and attention. Powerful, to any extent, when conditions easily definable allow them to be so. Unobtrusive when neglected. Influencing and guiding mankind, 'unseen and unfelt,' but too happy to be recognised and treated as friends. . . . Why that power which unites force and intelligence should make use of such mediums to enlighten mankind, would require longer explanations than are possible in this letter; but there is a fact which will engage the

deepest attention of thoughtful men, namely, that every element and every power of nature which has been discovered, has in the present age been applied successfully to the bodily and mental welfare and advancement of mankind. Therefore it would be contrary to all precedent to doubt this power—immeasurably above all others which mankind are investigating for their benefit and advancement—contains within itself germs which, when thoroughly studied and utilised, will, in some way, raise mankind above the even now very low standard.”

We are glad to know that some of the ingenious literary and scientific gentlemen who have since followed with their theories in the wake of *Mary Jane*, are also like him bringing their theories into closer agreement with the facts. That doughty champion of the materialistic philosophy, Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, F.S.A., now does “not see any *à priori* reason for discrediting the existence of spirits,” and admits that in his explanation of the spiritual phenomena he will “have to make considerable admission in favour of the spiritual hypothesis,” and that there are processes and phenomena which “may be explained by the agency of spirits.” Mr. J. W. Jackson, M.A.I., who some three years ago, in a very able lecture before the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, sought to explain all the facts of Spiritualism as simply mesmeric phenomena, now acknowledges that some at least of these phenomena which he has himself witnessed cannot be adequately explained except on the admission that there is a personality behind them other than our own. And Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., to whom we are indebted for a scientific demonstration of what Mr. Serjeant Cox has christened the “Psychic Force,” avows that this is “a force which can be wielded by invisible beings who are thus enabled temporarily to manifest themselves to us.” He also declares that, “assuming there are invisible intelligent beings trying to communicate with us, it is reasonable to suppose that improvements can be made in this mode of telegraphy,” and he therefore proposes to devote himself to the work “of endeavouring to improve the instrumental means at this end of the line, and of ascertaining conditions which will render intercourse more certain.”

Yes, we are glad that philosophers and men of science who have not quite completed their education are waking up to the discovery of a “new force,” the existence and true nature of which has long been known to many who could make no pretension to philosophy or science. Ah, well! it is not the first time that in matters of spiritual knowledge simple folk,—peasants and fishermen, have had the start of the philosophers; and in all probability it is not the last time that it will be so. Let us

thank God for science, and all the blessings which it brings; but let us also be thankful that there are dear and precious truths—pearls of great price—which may be found by all, learned or simple, who faithfully seek and diligently labour for them.

THOMAS BREVIER.

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## THE STIGMATA.

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As the recent case of Louisa Lateau, the Belgian ecstatic (of which an abstract was given in our May number) has given a new, and, we may add, a scientific interest to the question of the stigmata, a brief retrospect and consideration of the subject may not be without interest to the student of psychological science.

Whence comes this phenomenon? In whom was it first manifested? It seems peculiar to the Christian, and so far as we know with one possible but startling exception, to the Roman Catholic Church. That exception, if it be one, is the Apostle Paul. He tells us (Galatians vi., 17), "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." But what these marks were—whether those of the stigmata (as is not improbable); whether this was a well known and recognised phenomenon in the primitive Church, or a peculiar experience, and how far it may have originated in the secret sympathy and loving zeal of the Apostle for his crucified Master, the statement is not sufficiently circumstantial to enable us to judge; nor have we any data to determine. The context, however, of this passage, and the well known features of the stigmata (a term employed by the Church from this use of it by St. Paul), favour the presumption that the expression was not a mere figure of speech borrowed from the customary practice of branding the body of the slave, but a real and at that time possibly a unique experience; perhaps received by him at the time of that heavenly vision which converted Saul the persecuting zealot into Paul the Apostle, missionary, and finally the martyr for the faith of Christ.

In the Lives of the Saints the experiences of the stigmata are more fully and circumstantially presented. The most illustrious of these stigmatists and the first on record is St. Francis of Assisi, of whom a very full and able biography by Mrs. Oliphant has just appeared. His life was a protracted charity to the needy, his example a constant humiliation to pride, and his daily practice a continuous rebuke to extravagance and avarice. He was the founder of the Franciscan order, and has long since

been sainted by the Church. Near the close of his life he became celebrated for his miracles, and Gregory IX. was witness to so many of them that he published no less than three bulls in favour of the stigmata.

Other saints, however, soon began to share with St. Francis the honour of the stigmata. St. Catherine of Sienna was thus favoured; but not wishing to have the marks visible, she prayed, "O, Lord my God, let not, I pray Thee, the scars appear externally on my body; it is enough for me to have them internally." Her prayer was heeded; but the pain was so great in her hands, feet, and heart, that "it seemed impossible for her to live many days, unless the Lord performed some further miracle."

"To appreciate the importance and bearing of this miracle, the fierce and bitter rivalry which existed between the Dominicans and Franciscans must be borne in mind. St. Francis had received these five wounds, the counterpart of Christ's wounds in the same way. The marks were familiarly known among biographers and their readers as the stigmata, and the having received them was the crowning glory of St. Francis, and the proud and exclusive boast of his Franciscans; and now the Dominicans were even with them. The Siennese Pope who canonized Catherine, Pius II., gave his approbation to a service in which this reception of the stigmata was prominently asserted. And so severely was the blow felt by the indignant Franciscans that they obtained from the next Pope but one, Sixtus the Fourth, himself a member of their order, a decree to the effect that St. Francis had an exclusive right to, and a monopoly of, that special miracle, and that it was accordingly forbidden to represent St. Catherine receiving the stigmata under pain of ecclesiastical censures."\*

But other claimants to the stigmata appeared, and the monopolizing zeal of the Franciscans, as well as the bull of the Pope, passed for nothing. Mr. Capes, in his *Miraculous Life of the Saints*, informs us that near the close of the 15th century, "the Blessed Lucy of Narci," was miraculously influenced, and the wonders developed in, on and by her, became the sensation of the day. She was a religious phenomenon as well, and at the early age of twenty, became the prioress of a new order. The Pope approved of her miracles, and the Duke Hercules built for her a convent. She was an accredited and honoured stigmatist, but subsequently, on being accused of re-opening the marks on her hands and feet, she retired to her cell, and spent the rest of her life in disgrace.

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\* *A Decade of Italian Women.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

As already intimated, the stigmata is peculiar to members of the Roman Church, and it is generally regarded in that communion as a special mark and seal of Divine favour, and as a sign that theirs is the only true Church. It is, however, as a psychological question that we are now considering it, and not as a theological one. We remark, then, that the stigmatists, as a class, are either young women, or ascetic men of frail bodies, extreme nervous sensibility, and often of diseased or sickly constitution; that climate, customs, church traditions, family prejudices, and the peculiar forms of religious devotion, literature and art, in the Catholic Church, all tend to impress the highly wrought religious susceptibilities of the penitent and devout communicant in this direction; and that the powerful psychological impression so created may outwork itself even on the bodily organism, as well as condition the female mind for transmitting stigmatic characteristics to the minds and bodies of their children. That mental and bodily peculiarities are so transmitted is too well known to need enforcement or call for illustration.

It is highly probable that spirits of the Roman Catholic Communion co-operate with and use these favourable conditions, to present a phenomenon so eminently adapted to impress the devout imagination of the faithful, and to glorify the Church to which they were, and it would seem still are, so ardently attached.

Many of the stigmatists were certainly what are now called "mediums;" perhaps all are so. The stigmata is associated with known mediumistic states—trance, vision, ecstasy—sometimes with the power of prediction and the gift of healing. For instance, St. Catherine was in constant intercourse with the beatified; it was to her a simple, literal fact of personal experience; she spoke under inspiration, and with prophetic power; she received abundant revelations, and performed what were called "miracles" of healing—sometimes by touch, sometimes by prayer alone. If psychology is ever to become a science—if we are ever to understand that mysterious Psyche which has hitherto baffled and eluded us, these mysteries of Nature and of Spirit must be better and more reverently studied than they have yet been. Let us hope that the simple and earnest faith of the past, united to the scientific spirit of the present, will in the future find truer, higher expression in the fuller knowledge now dawning on the world through the light of Modern Spiritualism.

T. S.

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## HETTY WESLEY DEFENDED.

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By the late ALFRED ROFFE, Author of *The Ghost-Belief of Shakespeare*, &c.

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THERE is a most natural desire in mankind *to account* for everything which, at first sight, does not square with mankind's preconceived notions, or state of knowledge, and that natural desire leads one at once to attempt at *explaining away* facts, where the mere external circumstances cannot be denied. To explain away, satisfactorily, any apparently inexplicable thing is held a triumph, and, accordingly, in the ranks of the explainers, one has been found, in the Rev. George Salmon, whose object is to show that the celebrated and mysterious disturbances which took place in the Wesley family, in the year 1716, were, in fact, nothing but the inconsiderate mischief-making of Hetty Wesley, one of the daughters. The reverend gentleman conceives, that although no one has ever yet dreamed of such a solution to the mystery as the one he has pointed out, still, when once stated, that solution is plainly to be perceived, upon the very face of the documents themselves, and the circumstances connected with them.

I have entitled the present paper, "Hetty Wesley Defended," because its object is to analyze Dr. Salmon's article, and to endeavour, at least, to show that it has altogether failed in its attribution of certain phenomena to the action of Hetty Wesley, or, indeed, in casting any real light at all upon the case; a case (which like others that are recorded), utterly defies explanation by merely assuming the existence of imposture. It must be premised, as being evidently Dr. Salmon's view, that a supernatural explanation of any story is altogether out of the question, nor is it in the least intended here even to enter upon that discussion in the remotest way. It is only asked that the view which any writer offers, when he is impugning a character, shall really be *an explanation*, call it by whatever name, natural or supernatural, that you will. Things, not words, are what should be sought for by the true enquirer.

Let it be most distinctly stated, as an important fact, that nothing can be more emphatic than Dr. Salmon's reception of the original documents themselves, with regard to their perfect truthfulness, in as far as their writers are concerned. These are the Doctor's words:—

"As I read each letter, I was forced to say: This is written with the artlessness of truth. The writer of this is honestly telling of what she firmly believes to be supernatural, and is a party to no imposture."

It is known that the documents consist chiefly (over and above some memoranda) of letters from Mr. and Mrs. Wesley; and their daughters Susannah and Emilia. Dr. Salmon, after fully acquitting the servants of any, even the smallest, part in the various phenomena to be dealt with, proceeds to state his first salient point as to Hetty Wesley, and it is better that this should be given in his own words. Particular attention is requested to this statement, part of which I have taken upon myself to put in italics.

"But there is a remarkable omission in this collection of letters. There is no letter from the sister, whom we otherwise know to be the cleverest, and the most ready at her pen. Susannah, indeed, says that it is needless for her to write at length, because Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it. It seems hard to imagine that Samuel, who so carefully preserved the letters of his other sisters, would not have taken equal care of Hetty's letter, had he received one from her. But whether it be that Hetty never wrote, although she had declared to her sisters her intention of writing, or that her letter was not preserved, no letter of hers is now to be found. It is the more to be regretted that we have not the same means of freeing her from suspicion which we had in the case of her sisters, because *the story itself would lead us to conclude, that if Jeffery used any of the sisters as his 'medium,' it must have been Hetty. We are told that Jeffery seemed to have a particular spite against her, that he followed her about, rapped under her feet, and when she moved to another place, followed, and still kept under her feet.* We are told that the principal scene of the disturbances was the nursery where Hetty slept, and that when her parents came into the room to hear the noises, they found her not yet waked by Jeffery, but sweating and trembling violently in her sleep. On another occasion, when her father was awaked by the spirit, *he obtained the assistance of Hetty in examining the chambers, because she was the only person up in the house. And it would seem that Hetty was usually one of the last persons up, it being her office to take away her father's candle after he had gone to bed.*"

Thus far from Dr. Salmon, and (well bearing in mind that it is a *continuous quotation*, and that the *italics are mine*), it is wished to offer some remarks upon this special extract, before proceeding to further considerations. First, then, it will be perceived that the Doctor believes the circumstance of *no letter from Hetty Wesley* being extant does, so far as it goes, tend to confirm his view, that Hetty was "the close contriver of all these harms." Now (entreating a most especial attention to the passage italicised in the extract), I venture to affirm that

by far the greater number of persons would take a view directly opposed to that of Dr. Salmon, as to the significancy of the "remarkable omission," as he terms it, "in this collection of letters." If Hetty Wesley had been the trickster and impostor supposed by Dr. Salmon, why should she not write a letter or two in support of her own scheme? Nothing would seem to be more natural than that she should have done so. On the other hand, if what appears upon the face of the story should be the simple truth, and that Hetty was really a special object of annoyance from the unknown power which haunted her father's house, then, nothing could be more natural than that she would not have written about such a persecution. We can, all of us, understand that anyone feeling specially marked out for annoyance, would not feel much in the vein to write about it, but would leave that task entirely to others who are known to be doing such work. Consequently, without desiring to lay any particular stress upon the matter, we should feel quite certain that a great majority of enquirers would decide, that, as far as mere presumptions are admissible in such a case as this of Hetty Wesley, the very reverse of the Doctor's view must be adopted.

We will now take into consideration Dr. Salmon's next special point, which point follows immediately upon the last quoted passage. The two italicised words, *be it observed*, are, this time, the Doctor's own. Thus then, he proceeds.

"Against the supposition, however, that Hetty was the contriver of the tricks which so completely puzzled the family, two things may be said: First, that it is incredible that she *could* have produced, without assistance, all the varied noises and other phenomena which were ascribed to Jeffrey. Secondly, that even if she *could*, it is incredible that she *would* have done so. I take the moral difficulty first, as far more formidable than the physical one. Is it conceivable that an amiable young girl, well and piously brought up, should have been guilty of what the mother fairly calls 'such villainy,' as to terrify her whole family for a couple of months; that she should have succeeded in keeping the secret from her mother, sisters, and servants, and carried that secret to her grave?"

Now how many persons are to be found, who could really think the moral difficulty "far more formidable" to contend with, in a case of this kind, than the physical difficulty; which the writer himself characterizes as being "no doubt, formidable." Do we not all know, unhappily, that there is no difficulty in imagining a member of the Wesley family, or of any family, as being most grievously deficient in the moral qualities? There is, however; no occasion to press such a point as this, and the mere fact that a writer should have chosen to state such a point, one



so contrary to the experience of mankind, is enough in itself to cause a strange misgiving in the enquirer, that the fabric, so earnestly and sincerely endeavoured to be raised, is indeed a tottering one ; in short, one absolutely devoid of foundation.

Let the reader's attention be now recalled to certain words of Dr. Salmon, *italicised* by me, pointing to the fact that Mr. Wesley obtains the assistance of his daughter Hetty in examining the chambers, because she was the only person up in the house. And then the Doctor significantly remarks that "Hetty was usually one of the last persons up, it being her office to take away her father's candle after he had gone to bed." It is plain that these facts, taken in themselves, and especially while connected with a determination to blink the "physical difficulties," must tend to favour Dr. Salmon's view with respect to Hetty Wesley. But now compare this *general* statement, assuredly warranted by the documents, with the ensuing *particular* statement from Mrs. Wesley, a statement also fully quoted by the Doctor, but not of course with the *italics*, which are *inserted by me*, in order to bring out more fully some other facts, which facts also have *their* significance. Mrs. Wesley then writes of the manifestations thus:—

"We all heard it but your father ; and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which indeed we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome both *day and* night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us ; but the night after, as soon as he was *in bed*, it knocked loudly nine times, just *by his bedside*. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest. One night it made such a noise in the room *over our heads*, as if several people were walking ; *then ran up and down stairs*, and was so outrageous, that we thought the children would be frightened ; so your father and I rose, and went *down* in the dark to light a candle. Just as we *came to the bottom* of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet ; and on his, as if all the bottles *under the stairs* (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went *to see the children*, whom we found asleep."

Here let the enquirer please to observe, that according to this narration of Mrs. Wesley, the noises are heard *over* her head, running *up* and *down* the stairs, and then as if *beneath* ; and she ends all by finding the children, of whom we are led to

suppose Hetty to be one, asleep. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, Dr. Salmon seriously thinks that he has unravelled the whole mystery, by fixing all upon Hetty. 'This gentleman might indeed well allow that the "physical difficulty" surrounding his theory was "formidable!"' If his theory were a sound one, then we should be forced to admit, that although professed conjurors require their stages, their confederates, and their complex machinery to work *their* wonders, yet Hetty Wesley does things far more surprising, inasmuch as they are done without any outward means and appliances whatsoever!

And here the inquirer may be led to take a very worldly view as to professed conjurors, yet a view that is perfectly unanswerable. If any professed conjuror felt that he *could* offer to enter a gentleman's house, and, without apparatus of any kind, then proceed to puzzle the inhabitants of the house, after the manner of the Wesley case, and other cases both of former and of *modern times*, that conjuror would make a splendid fortune, without the trouble of renting theatres, of engaging confederates, or spending his money in machinery. That no professed conjurors have ever offered to do the things above indicated, is alone a proof that such things cannot be done *by them*, and consequently a proof that all those remarkable cases of which the Wesley case is a type, whatever may be their origin, are in *a category wholly distinct from that of conjuring*.

I now wish to give another passage (and *a truly curious one*) from Dr. Salmon, with *my own italics*. The want of knowledge bearing upon the subject in hand which the writer here evinces, acts most disadvantageously for the cause of Hetty Wesley, and it is indeed very possibly that identical want of a most important knowledge, which has led to this totally wrongful interpretation of the Wesley case.

"I consider," says the Doctor, "Jeffery's disturbances to be identical in kind with those produced by modern spirit-rappers, and that they are so accounted for *in whatever way we choose to account* for the latter phenomena. It certainly does seem surprising that a young girl should *discover the art for herself*, and should carry it to as high a degree of perfection as has been attained by *professional artists* in modern times."

From the writer's words in this passage, it is plainly taken for granted by him that everything connected with the modern manifestations is to be resolved into merely professional trickery, and therefore we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that he is *not aware* that some of the ablest men in modern times have distinctly avowed a totally different opinion, and that, too, *from experiences of their own*; this is a very grave fact, and one which puts the case of Hetty Wesley upon quite another foun-

dation at once! In a brief paper the proofs of my own assertion cannot be adequately gone into, but it will answer every reasonable purpose, if I cite two cases of men about whose abilities to judge of what their own senses informed them, there cannot be differing opinions. I allude to Professor De Morgan and Mr. Thackeray. To begin with the Professor: it is simply the truth that a most eminent mathematician and logician has borne his testimony to facts quite as wonderful as those of the Wesley case, and unaccountable to him from any merely commonplace mode of explanation. Professor De Morgan was, of course, too cautious a thinker to affirm dogmatically concerning the cause of that which has come into his experience; but he says unequivocally, that to him it appeared that there was another intelligence acting, over and above the intelligences present in the flesh on the occasions to which he alluded.

As my second instance of the immense intellectual weight to be found in Hetty Wesley's favour, I have adduced the name of Mr. Thackeray, whose great abilities and keenness of observation no one will doubt. As editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, he allowed a paper, entitled "Stranger than Fiction," to appear in it in the number for August, 1860. This paper related a number of extraordinary circumstances, well able to pair off, and more, with those of the Wesley history. Mr. Thackeray, in his editorial capacity, appended a note to this paper, "Stranger than Fiction," intimating that while the readers are free to give or withhold their belief in what he terms this "astounding narrative," he can himself "vouch for the good faith and honourable character of his correspondent, a friend of twenty-five years' standing." This note alone would most clearly intimate that Mr. Thackeray himself received the "astounding narrative" as truth; but it so happens that we are not left to make mere inferences in this important matter. Mr. Weld, in his book entitled *Last Winter in Rome* tells us of meeting Mr. Thackeray at a dinner-party in Rome, on which occasion the great editor is taken to task by the company for having allowed such a paper as "Stranger than Fiction" to appear. Mr. Weld then informs us that Mr. Thackeray, after quietly listening to the objectors, answered them by relating what he had himself witnessed at a dinner-party in New York; that is, *his own eyes* furnished the evidences upon which he had formed an opinion different to that expressed by the speakers present. Mr. Weld, whose own views are evidently in harmony with those of Mr. Thackeray's opponents, adds this very peculiar remark to the rest of his testimony:—"Whether Mr. Thackeray thought differently before he died I cannot say; but this I know, that

every possible argument was used by those present to endeavour to shake his faith."

Here I particularly wish to offer a very noteworthy extract from Dr. Salmon's several phrases, of which extract I have italicised as affording special matter for thought.

"It requires," observes the writer, "no common amount of courage to be unaffected by an unaccountable noise, heard *in the dark at the dead of night*. Thus when the worthy Wesley couple, resolved on discovering the ghost, were, with a whimsical mixture of bravery and terror, groping their way down stairs, holding each other by the hand, at one o'clock in the morning, how their hearts must have jumped to hear a crash which sounded on Mrs. Wesley's side as if a large pot of money had been emptied at her feet, and on Mr. Wesley's as if a stone had been thrown among a heap of bottles which lay under the stairs. *It would be easy to make theories* as to how this and other such sounds may have been produced, but it would be impossible now to prove that any such theory is the right one. But comparing this story with others that have appeared in print, and with one nearly parallel case of which I have been told privately, *I believe in the possibility of Hetty, without the assistance of any confederates, having produced all the sounds that were heard.*"

It will, in the first place, be perceived, that in the foregoing passage, I have italicised the words, "*in the dark at the dead of night*," and the reason for so doing, is, that it brings out the point, common to all objectors, whenever they find *night or darkness* accompany certain phenomena, of viewing that circumstance as materially weakening our right to think of those phenomena as *unaccountable*, in the usual sense of that word. Let that view of the objectors be admitted at once, but then it is the more necessary for the enquirer to be sure that *the night* does cover all the phenomena in any given case, such as that of Hetty Wesley. It can be almost clearly shown, that night does not cover all the phenomena in this case, although Dr. Salmon seems, in his reasonings, to have quite overlooked the fact! Mrs. Wesley, indeed, as we have already seen, in a passage quoted by the Doctor (but certainly not well considered by him), uses these significant words concerning Jeffrey, that "it began to be so troublesome, both *day* and night;" but there are other remarkable passages in the original documents, wherein the *day-time* is specified, which passages are *not* amongst those quoted by the Doctor. For instance, in the document headed, "Sister Nancy's Account to Jack" (her celebrated brother, John Wesley), it is said, "When she afterwards came into the chamber, *in the daytime*, it continually walked after her from room to room;"

and John Wesley himself, writing four years after the disturbances, makes a short note concerning Nancy, and this particular experience of hers, to the effect that "she was not afraid in *the daytime*, when it walked after her as she swept the chamber, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her."

Finally, we have this very remarkable memorandum by Mr. Wesley, the father, which really seems to put entirely aside all the objections founded upon mere night manifestations, for he says, "we followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both *by day* and night, with *lights* and without."

Again, I have italicised the very singular remark of Dr. Salmon, that "*it would be easy to make theories*," as to *how* this or that sound may have been produced. Notwithstanding this dictum, the fact, however, is, that the writer has not attempted to give his readers even the faintest glimpse of any such theories, and he contents himself with merely observing, that "it would be impossible now to prove that any such theory is the right one." To this observation the enquiring reader might justly reply, that he does not ask Dr. Salmon to prove that a given theory *was* the right one, but such an enquirer does feel entitled to ask for a theory which *might* be the right one. One thing, however, the Doctor has most completely forgotten; namely, that the original documents themselves show, that so far was it from *being easy* to make a theory as to *how* this or that sound might be produced, the experiment was tried, and found impossible of execution, by Mr. Wesley, senior! Amongst his memoranda is this one, which proves that Mr. Wesley tried in every way to make a theory as to a sound, and entirely failed in the attempt. Nothing can be more definite than these words: "The sound very often seemed *in the air, in the middle of a room*; nor could they ever make such themselves *by any contrivance*."

And now to conclude this attempt at Hetty Wesley's defence. I trust it will sufficiently appear that the extraordinary affirmation at the close of the last quoted passage from the Doctor did, above all, require to be italicised. To many enquirers it must seem scarcely credible that such an opinion as the following could have been gravely written by one who had carefully studied all the original documents.

"*I believe*," says Dr. Salmon, "*in the possibility of Hetty, without the assistance of any confederates, having produced all the sounds that were heard*."

The truth distinctly is, that the attribution of all the phenomena related in the original documents, to Hetty Wesley, is merely a creation of new difficulties, without removing a

single old one ! Again, not merely do we find Mr. Wesley and his family theorising in vain as to a certain phenomenon of sound, but Dr. Salmon has quite omitted to remark upon the striking fact, that *sounds alone* do not include all that requires *explanation* upon his theory of making Hetty Wesley the universal agent. For instance, what, upon that theory, can be made of the following passage in the document before quoted from, as "Sister Nancy's Account to Jack?"

"One night, she (Nancy,) was sitting on the press-bed, playing at cards with my sister Molly. Hetty, Patty, and Rezzy, were in the room, and Robert Brown. The bed on which my sister Nancy sat was *lifted up with her on it*. She leapt down, and said 'Surely, old Jeffrey would not run away with her.' However, they persuaded her to sit down, which she had scarce done, when *it was again lifted several times* successively, a *considerable height*, upon which she left her seat, and would not be prevailed upon to sit there any more."

Assuming it to have been now conclusively shown that the Doctor's theory avails absolutely nothing against the "*physical difficulty*" of the case, any remark concerning the "*moral difficulty*" is not necessarily a part of Hetty Wesley's Defence. Yet, as the point has been mooted, and the Doctor has even bestowed the last paragraph of his article upon a moral reflection concerning Hetty's history, perhaps a few words may be here allowed, as part and parcel of "Hetty Wesley Defended."

"If it were the case," writes Dr. Salmon, "that Hetty Wesley was guilty of all that my hypothesis imputes to her, the severest censor could not wish her fault to have been followed by heavier punishment than the unhappiness which befell her in after life."

Such are the Doctor's final reflections upon the very serious imputations which, in obedience to his hypothesis, he has endeavoured to fix upon Hetty Wesley, and, in so doing, he has certainly made a very grievous mistake. It must, however, be admitted that he has also done his best in several places to excuse Hetty, as far as is possible, for what he has imputed to her; but the fact surely must be, that nothing short of confession and repentance could have excused such misdeeds ! No doubt everyone would agree with Dr. Salmon, that Hetty Wesley's "story is a very sad one," and "too long" to be told in a paper, for which sufficient reason he refers the enquirer to Dr. Adam Clarke's *History of the Wesley Family*. This is all well ; but one more remark is yet called for. It may then be most confidently affirmed, that a great majority of readers would say at once, upon a perusal of Dr. Clarke's book, that

Hetty Wesley's *tone* in her letters or compositions is, unmistakeably, that of "*one more sinned against than sinning.*" If so, however, we then have a fact totally irreconcilable with this other fact which Dr. Salmon's theory requires, namely—that Hetty Wesley had *never confessed her fault*, nor, consequently, had never truly repented of that fault.

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### LORD BACON ON SPIRITUAL POWERS.

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THE great inductive reasoner, Bacon, is frequently appealed to by the modern philosophers in behalf of their doctrines; but so far as their views are anti-spiritual they certainly cannot appropriate this quaint and logical master mind as in unison with themselves. On the contrary, we doubt much if the Spiritualists may not, with justice, hail Francis, Lord Verulam, as a brother.

In his last work, published in 1627, the year after his death, called *Sylva Sylvarum, or a Naturall Historie*, speaking of the powers of imagination, he says:—"There is less credit to be given to those things, except it be by working of evill spirits."

You see the spirits whom the philosopher here first invokes, are not of a high order; but it is not necessary for our purpose to prove that spirits who visit us may be also of a contrary character; we will leave it for the philosopher himself to do this in due course.

Nor do the poorer sort of mediums, whom he conjures up, fare better with him than his third-class spirits. He informs us that:—"The ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the fat of children, digged out of their graves," and he also informs us that:—"The experiments, which may certainly demonstrate the power of imagination upon other bodies, are few or none; for the experiments of witchcraft are no clear proofs, for that they may be, by a tacite operation of maligne spirits."

But if our philosopher is hard upon these inferior orders of spirits and mediums, neither did his heart enlarge with any great expanse of compassion towards those unhappy souls in the flesh, who had the misfortune to be in prison; nor do we find him suggesting any sanitary measures for their welfare, to counteract the cruel neglect to which they seem to have been subjected in those days, by their "betters" who were at liberty; although we find him very careful to suggest precautionary measures against the evil estate of the prisoners, reacting upon the powerful and the free. He tells us that:—"The most pernicious infection, next the plague, is the smell of the jayle, when prisoners

have been long, and close, and nastily kept; whereof we have had, in our time, experience, twice or thrice, when both the judges that sate upon the jayle, and numbers of those that attended the businesse, or were present, sickened upon it, and died. Therefore, it were good wisdom, that in such cases, the jayle were aired before they be brought forth."

When, however, the father of inductive reasoning comes to speak of himself, somewhat in the character of a medium, or of the medium powers of certain other great personages, we may well suppose that he is more tender, and I may add, also with all humility, more reasonable.

"The relations touching the force of imagination, and the secret instincts of nature are so uncertaine, as they require a great deale of examination, ere wee conclude upon them. I would have it first thoroughly inquired whether there be any secret passages of sympathy betweene persons of neare blood; as parents, children, brothers, sisters, nurse-children, husbands, wives, &c. There be many reports in historie that upon the death of persons of such nearnesse, men have had an inward feeling of it. I myselfe remember that being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three dayes before my father's death, I had a dreame which I told to divers English gentleman, that my father's house in the cuntry was plastered all over with blacke mortar.

"Next to those that are neare in blood, there may be the like passage and instincts of nature between great friends and enemies; and sometimes the revealing is unto another person, and not to the party himselfe. I remember Philippus Commineus, (a grave writer) reporteth that the Archbishop of Vienna, (a reverend prelate) said (one day) after masse to King Lewis the Eleventh of France, 'Sir, your mortale enemie is dead.' What time Charles of Burgundie was slain at the battell of Granson, against the Switzers. Some triall also would be made, whether fact or agreement doe anything, as if two friends should agree that such a day in every weeke they being in farre distant places, should pray one for another; or should put on a ring or tablet, one for another's sake; whether if one of them should breake their vow and promise, the other should have any feeling of it in absence.

"If there be any force in imaginations and affections of singular persons; it is probable the force is much more in the joint imaginations and affections of multitudes; as if a victorie should be won or lost in remote parts, whether is there not some sense thereof in the people whom it concerneth, because of the great joy, or grieve, that many men are possest with, at once? Pius Quintus, at the very time when that memorable victorie was won by the Christians, against the Turks, at the navall battell of



Lepanto, being then hearing of causes in Consistorie, broke off suddenly, and said to those about him; 'It is now more time we should give thanks to God, for the great victorie he hath granted us against the Turks.' It is true that victorie had a sympathie with his spirit; for it was merely his work to conclude that league. *It may be that Revelation was Divine.* But what shall wee say there, to a number of examples amongst the Grecians and Romans—where the people being at theaters, at playes, have had newes of victories and overthrowes some few dayes before any messengers could come?

"It is true that that may hold in these things which is the generale root of superstition—namely, that men observe when things hit, and not when they misse, and commit to memory the one, and forget and passe over the other. But touching divination and misgiving of mindes, we shall speak more when wee handle in generale, the nature of mindes, and soules, and spirits."

That Bacon did not live to elucidate these mysteries is a source of lasting regret.

W. R. T.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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MR. C. F. VARLEY, F.R.S., AND PROFESSOR ALLEN THOMSON.

MR. VARLEY has addressed a letter to Professor Allen Thomson, in reference to his remarks on Spiritualism at the British Association. Mr. Varley writes:—

"It is a singular thing, that when Mr. Crookes wrote a paper upon 'Thallium,' a new metal, he was believed at once by such men as yourself. When last year I wrote a paper to the Royal Society upon experiments tending to explain that very unusual phenomenon, 'ball lightning,' I was not doubted a moment; but when either Mr. Crookes or I come forward and state that we have seen, in the most unmistakeable manner, phenomena not more startling than those described (but called 'psychic'), the scientific world seems to go mad—dubs us liars, charlatans, or madmen, and treats us in the same spirit as the Jews treated Jesus or the Roman priests Galileo. I wish you and all to understand that it is not a question of *belief* in the marvellous on our part, it is a case of *actual knowledge* that these phenomena *do* occur. Time after time have I investigated them under conditions in which trickery was impossible, and even insanity insufficient to explain away what has occurred. When six thinking men, all in full health, see the same thing

again and again, it is impossible for them to be mistaken; and why you should gratuitously denounce what we state we have seen, and when one and all of us are men who are believed upon other topics, I cannot understand. It occurs to me, therefore, that he who is acting irrationally in this matter is neither Mr. Huggins, Crookes, nor myself. . . . In conclusion, I wish to add, that I am as certain of the existence of such psychic force as Messrs. Crookes and Huggins have described, as I am that messages can be and are sent from one side of the Atlantic to the other by means of telegraph cables, and that I have had as conclusive proof of the one as of the other."

The Kilburn and the Dalston Societies of Spiritualists also have severally written to Professor Thomson, requesting him to state "the names and addresses of those '*men of eminence*' (besides Faraday and Dr. Sharpey) who have made Spiritualism the subject of inquiry, and also the names and addresses of the '*experimenters*' who '*were detected in the most shameless and determined impostures*' by the '*men of eminence*' aforesaid, and by the '*repeated examinations*' of Professor Allen Thomson himself."

In reply, Professor Thomson does not give the information requested; but admits that perhaps the manner in which he expressed himself warranted what he now declares to be a misinterpretation of his meaning, and states that his intention was only to place the phenomena of Spiritualism in the same class as those of mesmerism, animal magnetism (wherein is the difference?), phreno-mesmerism, electro-biology, table-turning, and other such statics; and that he has deemed it proper, in recently revising his address for printing in the *Transactions of the British Association*, to make such alterations as may express more clearly and correctly his meaning, and remove all cause of personal offence.

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#### THE GREAT MYSTERY.

In an article under this heading the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says:—

"During the past quarter of a century we have many times been called to investigate phenomena corresponding with those which have recently come under the notice of Messrs. Crookes, Huggins, and Cox, and we confess to have been baffled and confounded by what we have seen and heard. Probably few experimenters have had a wider or a more diversified experience in the various departments of scientific research, and in the mechanical arts, and yet we have found no appliances, no experimental tests which afforded any clue to the mystery.

"Contradictory, uncertain, capricious as the phenomena generally are, they yet seem to be governed by some laws or conditions, which, if not fixed, approximate to that condition. 'Mediums' tell us that they have no control over the demonstrations; that they appear and disappear independent of their wills. This is virtually saying that the phenomena are spontaneous, or independent of human volition, and such appears to be the case. It is certain the 'tricks' are not absolutely at the command of any one. We have waited with much impatience for hours in the houses of friends for the demonstrations, and it was not until we were upon the point of departure that the strange antics commenced. In these instances the impatience, desire, and anxiety of the family whose guest we were, were greater even than our own. We do not know why this is so; in fact, we know nothing whatever about it; but this affords no reasonable ground for concluding that we shall always remain in ignorance. It is the ignorance of the conditions upon which the phenomena depend that leads so many to regard them with suspicion and distrust. Whenever we understand the laws under which this strange power acts, then we may be able to experiment at will, and subject it to careful study.

"Manifestly there are invisible, imponderable agencies of great power in this world, other than those which modern science recognises, and it is a source of no little annoyance and mortification that thus far we have failed to bring them within the field of scientific investigation. At present the whole matter is involved in doubt and perplexity, but we have faith to believe that a future age will find means to solve the great mystery, and roll away the dark clouds which obscure our vision."

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#### SPIRITUALISM A PHILOSOPHICAL DEDUCTION.

Has not the philosophic Spiritualist pursued his investigations in strict conformity with the accepted rules of philosophic inquiry? Has he not complied with every injunction, and followed every direction laid down by the best authorities as to the process of reasoning and legitimate induction? The phenomena of Spiritualism constitute a wonderful array of facts, directly applying to *individual spirit existence* and *spirit communion*! He has collected these facts and compared them with each other, so as to trace their resemblance and ascertain the characters and properties in which they agree. He has separated from his mass of facts such as seem connected incidentally with the subject of investigation, and retained only those which he has reason to consider uniform and essential. He has compared his essential facts so as to trace their relations and sequences,

and especially the relation of uniform sequence on which is founded the nature of cause and effect, and from this review he has deduced—*the continuity and perpetuity of man beyond the grave!*—THOMAS GALES FOSTER.

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SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY IN CALIFORNIA.

*The Banner of Light* (Boston, U.S.A.), August 12th, has the following from a correspondent at Los Angeles, California:—

Editors, *Banner of Light*.—We have quite a sensation here in the shape of spirit-photography. A great and unprecedented interest is awakened among the people; circles are forming all over the city, and the glorious truths of Spiritualism are spreading like "wild fire." I forward you the statement of our City Marshal, Francis Baker, who, by the way, was deputy under our late City Marshal, W. C. Warren, who so unexpectedly appeared on the plate with Mr. Baker.

Yours for the truth,

THOS. A. GAREY.

*"Statement of Francis Baker.*

"I was in V. Wolfenstein's photography-gallery, on business, June 4th, when Wolfenstein said to me, 'Sit down, and I will take your picture.' I sat down, not thinking of anything in particular. Wolfenstein took the picture, but soon came out of his dark room, and said that he did not know what was the matter, as his chemicals never worked so before—the picture being very dim. He then took another plate, and I sat again. He went to draw out the picture in the dark room. He soon returned, very much excited, and asked me if I was a Spiritualist. I said, 'Yes.' 'Why, my God,' he said, 'look at that picture.' I recognized at once the spirit-picture of W. C. Warren, with whom I was connected in official business in earth-life, and who was shot and killed here last fall while in the discharge of his official duty. This at once raised an excitement, and crowds of people went to the gallery to see it, nearly all crying 'Humbug!' Mr. Wolfenstein then said, 'I will take another picture on Wednesday, June 7th, and you can have a committee to examine the work.'" On Wednesday I went to another photographer, who professed to be an expert in detecting frauds of this nature, and told him to prepare and bring his own plates and watch all the proceedings. His name is Godfrey, of the Sunbeam Gallery, in this town. There were also present Mr. M. Keller, George Hansen, Mr. Documnum, Dr. Montgomery of Los Nietos, W. W. Maxy of El Monte, George Lord of San Bernardino, John Mayer, Thomas A. Garey, the wife of W. C. Warren, and two other ladies, beside many others whom I do not know. After the committee examined everything, to see that all pertaining to the camera and surroundings was

right and proper, Mr. Godfrey took *his own plate* and went with Mr. Wolfenstein and Mr. George Hansen to make the necessary preparations. After said preparations, the plate was placed in the camera, and the picture taken in the presence of the audience. The plate was then carried to the dark room—Godfrey and Hansen being present there—and, when brought out, there was the spirit's picture as before, but plainer, with his left hand pointing upward, while in the picture taken first his hand was resting on my shoulder. The wife of Warren declared it to be the best likeness of her husband she ever saw. She is a Catholic, and does not believe in Spiritualism.

“ Yours truly,

“ FRANCIS BAKER.”

“ The various papers in the place have noticed this remarkable phenomenon. The Los Angeles *Daily Star* and the *Daily News* chose to ridicule the matter, but the *Evening Express* gave a fair account of the transaction. After referring to the first appearance of the picture on the plate, the *Express* says :

“ ‘ To-day a number of well-known citizens repaired to the gallery, and a plate, having been prepared at the Sunbeam Gallery by Mr. Godfrey, was brought in, and Marshal Baker sat for a picture to be taken on that glass in the presence of the whole party. The artist was accompanied to the dark room by a committee appointed for that purpose, and every precaution taken to prevent deception, yet, when the picture was completed, another shadowy but plain, perceptible picture appeared on the glass, which was pronounced by all present to be a faithful likeness of the late Marshal Warren.’ ”

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#### DISCOVERY OF MEDICINAL SPRINGS.

The charge so often brought against “ spiritual manifestations,” that they are usually devoid of all practical interest (says the *Manchester Examiner*) is in a fair way of being removed in the United States. The *Ballston News* directs attention to the discovery of some boiling springs in that locality, and the circumstances as related are undoubtedly remarkable. Some years ago, remarks the *News*, the “ spirit of the departed Benjamin Franklin announced through a spiritual medium” that a vein of mineral water could be found by boring at a particular spot. The experiment was successfully made, and as a mark of gratitude the spring was named the Benjamin Franklin. But this is not all. “ Soon after the Franklin was finished,” says the circumstantial journal, “ Benjamin announced that by boring to

the depth of 656 feet on a spot a little to the north-east of the first well, another vein of water might be developed." The experiment in this instance also succeeded. It might, however, have had a tragical termination. One of the borers was an unbeliever in the efficacy of spiritual manifestations, and went drilling on, whistling at his work, though the end was nearly reached. "Just as the last fraction of the 656th foot was drilled away," observes our authority, "there came a roar and rush of mighty waters, carrying everything before it—stool, man, whistle, and all went up, and came down with a torrent of water and gas." The second spring has since been formally opened amidst demonstrations of popular rejoicing, and what must add to the interest felt in the subject by the inhabitants of this favoured locality is that "Franklin's spirit has announced the location of two more springs." One of these is a white sulphur spring, and it is to be developed before another season.

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#### REMARKABLE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mr. A. S. Hayward makes the following statement in the *Banner of Light*:—

"Some twelve years ago a young man left the town of R——, Vermont, for the west, with the intention of making it his home. After selecting a farm he returned east for the funds necessary for its purchase—some fourteen hundred dollars. On his way back he made use of the railroad cars and stage coaches as far as public conveyance would carry him, and then was obliged to take private conveyance, or travel on foot to the location selected. He promised to write to his brother, who was left at home, as soon as he arrived, but that relative not hearing from him at the expiration of three weeks, became anxious as to his safety, and yielding to the desires of some of the friends, visited a person in the town who possessed the gift of 'clear-seeing,' to consult with her as to the fate of his missing brother. This lady, who was a member of the Methodist Church, and did not believe in Spiritualism, notwithstanding her mediumship, became unconsciously entranced, and while in that state described the road as far as the cars and coach went, and then pictured the absent brother's taking passage in a waggon with three other persons, and the nature of the route, which was somewhat aside from the regular roads through a piece of woods. She said they killed him about the centre of the two mile-journey through these woods, and threw his body between two fallen hemlock trees, and that a lock of his hair was now frozen into the ice where the

body lay over one night. She said next day his body was thrown into a pond near by.

"The remaining brother was so well satisfied in his mind as to the truth of something very serious having happened, that he determined to make the journey of some twelve hundred miles to ascertain the full nature of what had taken place. On arriving, he found everything as had been described. At the end of the public conveyance he hired a man to take him to the spot, and to his astonishment found the lock of his brother's hair as before mentioned. Having secured it, he went to look for the pond, and found its bottom to be covered with deep mud, in which it was impossible to reach the body. So perfect, however, was the description given him by the clairvoyant of the parties who wrought the deed, that he recognized the men as soon as he saw them. On his complaint they were arrested, and one of their number turning State's evidence, they were convicted, and sentenced to State Prison for life for the crime. One of the men has since died; the other still remains in prison.

"The brother of the murdered man, the lady and many others acquainted with the facts, are still living witnesses to the truth of clairvoyance, in which they firmly believe. I am acquainted with the lady. Gaining a knowledge of these facts some time since, I thought they should be made public, as additional proofs with which to convince the minds of the sceptical. Here was a revelation made by a person who did *not* believe in Spiritualism, to parties mostly Methodists."

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AN EXPERIENCE OF THE REV. DR. MUNSELL.

In the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, appeared recently an editorial article entitled "Visions of the Soul." It recites that the Rev. Dr. Munsell, President of the Wesleyan University of Illinois, was riding in his carriage across the prairie, on a sultry July day, when he dropped into a light slumber. He dreamed that he approached his father's house, and was met at the gateway by a younger brother, from whom he had parted days before, a hundred miles away from the homestead, who exclaimed to him, "Did you get our letters, and do you know that father is dead?" Upon this, he awoke. When he finally reached home, he met that same brother in that very gateway, with those very words of sadness on his lips. From which Dr. Munsell infers that the vision and the event were not mere coincidences, but that "a limited prescience is an attribute of mind, simply as mind."

## Correspondence.

### THE PSYCHISTS, OR NEW-FORCE MEN.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to see that Thomas Brevior has come out in an excellent paper on these Men of Gotham. who in solemn conclave, have been busying themselves to make a new force out of the oldest force in the world. But there are two or three things which, I think, he might very well have added to his article.

Some years ago, when this class of dim-visioned persons were endeavouring to show that Od was the thing which performed all the wonders attributed to Spiritualism, Mr. Brevior put to them this most pertinent question: "Does Od lie?" For this power, which they would fain recognise as Od, he justly observed, declared uniformly and positively, and all over the world, that it was neither more nor less than the agency of spirits. Here, again, Mr. Brevior might have put his question to the new force advocates: "Does the new force lie?" for the power which we call Spiritualism, and which they would christen by some other name, because they are really ignorant of Spiritualism, still persists everywhere, in all countries of Europe, in India, America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and New Zealand, "Our agency is the agency of spirits?" Well, if this be a force, shall it not be admitted to testify to its own nature? Will those who contend that it is a force, and think it worthy of having a society erected in favour of it, commence with calling it a lying force? Do they imagine that those who have really studied the history and characteristics of Spiritualism through many years—many of them men of the highest intelligence and science—will ignore the world-wide testimony of similar men, and rather believe those who admit that they cannot see very far into mill-stones? Do they expect that the many millions in every quarter of the globe who have been compelled to believe this an agency of spirits, will rather believe a little knot of men in a corner, who wilfully shut their eyes to the multiplicity of facts, any half-dozen of which would knock the life out of their pet theory? Here is an agency—an intelligence, which reasons, prophesies, teaches drawing, music, poetry; which shows itself in the form of spirits, making itself seen, felt, and in a score of ways understood, and yet these gentlemen declare in print that through years of observation they have been unable to see in it anything beyond a force! Why will these persons take so much pains to make themselves appear so pre-eminently stupid?



If their mental vision be so feeble, why should that of millions of others be equally so? The idiot, of course, cannot see intellectually and draw conclusions like the man in his full senses, and is he on that account to be deemed more clever than the cleverest of those who do see clearly and profoundly? That is a demand that can only be heard with an honest burst of laughter. Mr. Brevior has properly shown that this very funny school, the Psychists, stedfastly shut their eyes to all the palpable, prominent, and legion-fold facts that don't square with their ricketty theory.

To those who really are familiar with the history and phenomena of Spiritualism, and who have brought robust intellects and acute powers of analysis to its examination, what moon-struck madness must this dubbing of it a new force appear. Spiritualism has now a large literature, and a great mass of well-attested facts, of such a character and from such writers, as ought to make any man of the slightest pretensions to common sense blush up to the roots of his hair at the possibility of being supposed to see in it only a mere force, and of all things a new one. The *Spiritual Magazine* is a most complete chronicle of these facts, and all the reasonings regarding them. Any man who could carefully read these records, amounting to ten or more solid volumes; who could add to them the perusal of the able digest of them by Mr. Epes Sargent in *The Planchette*, the works of Robert Dale Owen, the *History of American Spiritualism* by Mrs. Hardinge, to say nothing of scores of others, and could still drivel about a *new* force, would well deserve the charge of being one of Huxley's and Darwin's anthropologic monsters, namely, the son of a monkey.

Why, it is the oldest force in creation, and no doubt was fully employed in designing, and projecting, and completing the world itself. It is this, on the authority of the history of all times and all nations. There is scarcely a spiritual phenomenon of the present day which was not familiar to the people of Palestine, China, India, and of all the East, many thousand years ago. Mr. Home has lately been handling fire with impunity. Do you call that a new phenomenon? Then what was that of the three men in the fiery furnace? All over the East, for thousands of years, the Fakirs and Dervishes have been doing that, according to the assertions of the natives and the testimony of the most eminent travellers from Marco Polo downwards. The Countess Belgiojoso, in her *Travels in the Levant*, relates plenty of such things seen by herself—the licking and handling iron at a white heat, and others assure you that they have seen Fakirs seat themselves in red-hot braziers without harm.

Tables and other bodies have of late years risen into the air, and been made light or heavy according to the pleasure of some invisible power; and men and women have been recently carried through the air. Do you call those *new* facts? Then you are piteously ignorant of history as regards the levitation of bodies. Worthy Mr. Crookes has been testing such phenomena by machinery; but I hope he does not imagine that he has done anything new. Brevior has just told him that the great electrician, Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, had done that carefully years ago. And he did not remain satisfied that this was a force and nothing more; he went on, like a sensible fellow, to discover whether spirits had or had not to do with it. For this purpose he sent a message from Cape May to Philadelphia, a distance of 140 miles, by what professed to be a spirit, to ascertain through Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, and her husband, Dr. Gourlay, whether a bill due to him had been taken up at his banker's. In half an hour this invisible messenger—this mere force, as the Psychists would have us think it—transacted the business, saw Dr. Gourlay sent off to the bank, and brought back a satisfactory answer;—in fact, it discharged its message with as much talent, tact, and exercise of mind as any man of business could have done. Professor Hare kept the affair secret in his own breast till his return to Philadelphia a fortnight afterwards, when he found every particular confirmed. Professor Hare, who was not only a genuine, but an eminent man of science, did not maunder any more about a new force, but was satisfied that the spirit theory was the only one which could cover all these demonstrations.

But 2,764 years ago, or 893 years before Christ, a certain old Spiritualist, one Elisha, had tested the fact of the levitation of material bodies, by a much more simple and instant mode than either Professor Hare or Mr. Crookes. One of the young men of this school of prophets, cutting timber on the banks of the Jordan, had the misfortune to have the head of the axe which he had borrowed fall into the water. But the old sage taking a stick, no doubt well charged with what the psychists so ludicrously term a *new force*, dropped it into the water, and the iron at once rose to the surface and was recovered.

Clairvoyance is a property of this very ancient new force. The King of Syria, in Elisha's time, laid many ambushes for the Israelites, but found they were always discovered to them. Demanding who of his courtiers was the traitor. "None of us," they replied, "but Elisha, in Samaria, tells the King of Israel the words thou speakest in thy chamber." Do you call clairvoyance a *new force*? Then 2,000 years ago it was already a very old force.

As to men and women being carried through the air like Mr. Home and Mrs. Guppy, the one out of a window 80 feet

from the ground and back again, in presence of Lords Lindsay and Adair, and of others, and Mrs. Guppy from Highbury to the heart of London. I am sure neither Mr. Home nor Mrs. Guppy would call these new facts, whilst Philip the Evangelist, was carried from Gaza, where he was baptizing the Ethiopian, to Azotus, and whilst Ezekiel was carried by the spirit of the Lord, from Jerusalem to Chaldea, 2,465 years ago. New force indeed! I see that some one in the *Spiritual Magazine* says, there are 50 cases of levitation on record. I have no doubt, that instead of 50 there are 500, if any one would take the trouble to hunt them out. The Catholics, alone, could produce records of hundreds in the histories of the saints in *Görres' Christliche Mystik*, besides such as have occurred in ancient Greece, in old Rome, and in Hindostan.

Spirit-hands have been seen frequently of late. I have seen them and felt them repeatedly, and direct spirit-writing has been given in thousands of cases. Baron Guldenstubbe has a catalogue of, I believe, more than a thousand such in his own experience. But do you call these new? There was a hand which made itself visible to a whole royal court in Babylon, 2,400 years ago, and wrote on the palace wall a prophecy of a great revolution, which was immediately afterwards fulfilled. And still farther back, direct writing and drawings were given to King David, with all the designs and measurements for the Temple, given, says David, by the hand of the Lord, laid upon him, 1 Chronicles, xxviii., 19. Read, ye Psychists, read, and don't expose your ignorance of history so lamentably.

But probably, your new force men don't believe in anything old, and especially in the Hebrew Scriptures, because they assert a Great First Cause. But this is only another proof of the decrepit condition of your minds, of your utter incapacity for weighing the evidences of history, and for comprehending the invincible proofs of the long series of prophecies, stretching through some thousands of years, by seers who did not live at one time, and who, therefore, could not concert together such prognostics so full of accord—prognostics fulfilled on all the surrounding nations, and the truth of which is coming more and more to light through the discoveries in Palestine, in those regarding Babylon, in the resurrection of Nineveh, but more especially by the recent discovery of the Stone of Moab. If you cannot grapple with these grand facts, no wonder you are groping about in the full light of Spiritualistic realities, and dreaming of a *new force*. Again I say, unfortunate Psychists, read, read, read, the volumes of modern facts which, according with the volumes of ancient ones, pound your pretended new force into dust and ashes.

I long ago said, in the *Spiritual Magazine*, that so soon as the scientifics were compelled to admit the reality of the facts of Spiritualism, they would set about, if possible, to turn them into something else, and here we have them already at it. It is amusing to see them sitting, as if they were the lords of the house of Spiritualism, and holding the real Spiritualist to be just nowhere at all. They sit and really imagine themselves the masters of the house, feasting on the truth, whilst they are only the dogs under the table picking up the crumbs. I have said that Spiritualism has a large written literature, and most lucky it is, or these Psychists would pounce on the materials collected by the Spiritualists, and work them up as a *new* force, causing the true possessors to look like mere plagiarists.

Another amusing thing is that the sceptical philosophers, who cannot swallow the plain facts of Spiritualism, unless served up as something *new*, at the same time put forth the most stupendous nonsense in the shape of theories. We heard Sir William Thompson, at the late meeting of the British Association, telling the assembled philosophers how life first came into this world—namely, not by a direct creation of God, but by a fragment of some other world, knocked off by a comet, and sent flying into the earth with living inhabitants upon it. What sort of a skull must a man have, who calls himself a scientific philosopher, and could believe that any life could be perpetuated in such a tremendous catastrophe, subjected to so violent a shock, shot like a cannon-ball through an ether next in rarity to a vacuum, and banged down on this globe with an impetus enough to shake the life out of men of iron? But no theory is too wild or insane for our modern Munchausens, so that they can hope to get rid of a Great First Cause. But suppose such a sheer impossibility was possible, what is gained by it? If it could solve the question of how life came into this world, it does not advance us a single step towards the solution of the great secret. How did life come into the world from which they would have us to believe it came to us? If they carry on the idea of a series of such phenomena—of chips of worlds in a succession of hundreds of thousands of cases bearing life into other worlds—this process must begin somewhere. And how about the beginning? Chips of worlds, life-bearing, and defying all violences and all impossibilities, must still lead us up to where the process commenced, and to the contact—abhorred by modern philosophers—with the Great First Cause. How are these romances, more extravagant than those of the *Thousand and One Nights*, to get over this little obstacle? It is only to be surmounted by some Munchausen absurdity. But then what a fine thing it is to be the author of a new theory, even if it be nonsense. How grand to hear people

say, "There goes Sir William Thompson, who has invented a theory more wonderful than any of those of the famous Munchausen himself!" These heroes of scientific romance remind one of Hudibras' astronomer, who, putting together his telescopes accidentally enclosed a fly, and when he next looked through it, seeing a huge creature, immediately announced to the Royal Society that he had discovered an elephant in the moon! When we listen to these wild-goose theories of men who cannot put faith in Spiritualism one is inclined to agree with the clown who saw some astronomers looking at the moon through a telescope, and said, just as wisely as they talk, "Let them look as long as they please, they won't get a step nearer to the moon than we are."

There is another feature in these learned marauders—that of appropriating the very things which they pretend to reject and despise. Mr. Tyler, who was also figuring at the British Association, has invented, not a *new* force, but a *new* science. And what, in truth, may this science be? He calls it *Animism*—only another name for Spiritualism—which he adopts, he says, because the word Spiritualism is spoiled by its adherents; so he knocks poor Spiritualism to pieces with one hand, whilst with the other he purloins its materials to build up this pretended new science of Animism, and on this feat he prides himself as the clever and original discoverer and director of a new science. It is perfectly marvellous how ambitious these philosophers are of being regarded as the authors of new and original theories and sciences, which looked into turn out to be mere plagiarisms of the oldest science in the world. This is what the country people say in their notions of creation, namely, that God works up the remains of the old moons into new ones. How luckily, I say again, that Spiritualism has its own printed histories, that will for ever stand as luminous exposures of these pickings and stealings by the would-be learned and inventive.

Tyler tell us, in disparagement of Spiritualism, that all its facts have been known to the ancients. True; and if he had really read the annals of Spiritualism, he would have seen that this is a truth put prominently forward by it, as historic, palpable, and unquestionable. If he had read the *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations*, he would have seen that the very object of this work was to demonstrate that fact. Spiritualists make no pretence to the discovery of any *new* force. Not only Judæa, but China, has for thousands of years had Spiritualism in nearly all its forms. We have the planchette; China had its rude prototype of it ages and ages ago, in a little basket with a stick thrust through it, to write in sand. For what purpose? To consult their ancestors. Do you call the planchette a *new* thing?

We have had flowers and fruits brought mysteriously to *séances*. Mr. Livermore, the banker, of New York, had frequently spiritual flowers brought to him by his deceased but visible wife. Yet do you call that *new*? Aaron had flowers bloom out of his rod more than 3,000 years ago; and we know from their own traditions, and from travellers from Marco Polo down to our own time, that the natives of Hindostan produce flowers and fruit in a few minutes from the bare sand, and friends of our own have seen and tasted these. Do you call these phenomena a *new* force? Read—read, ye Psychists, and don't make such fools of yourselves!

Finally, I have long entreated Spiritualists not to trouble themselves about men with evidently but a portion of mind, who may be great guns in physical science, but who are not even pop-guns in spiritual science, and whose true wisdom would be to keep to what they do know and are capable of. These, believe me, are not the men to throw any new light on Spiritualism. Their prejudices, tough as bull's-hides, in which they are irredeemably bound up, render them utterly unfit for spiritual researches. We don't need their instructions. We know, millions of us, what Spiritualism really is. When Christ was on the earth he did not choose philosophers to test or explain his miracles, but simple men of plain sound sense, who saw and judged of facts better than the Nicodemuses and Scribes and Pharisees could.

And as to the abuse which many of the philosophers and the press at large cast on Spiritualism—is that so wonderful? Why, modern Spiritualism has not yet existed thirty years, and Christianity was hated, maligned, and persecuted for 300 years. Tacitus describes it as a most degrading and odious superstition. Even Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the minds, amongst the Romans, which we regard as the nearest approaching to the tone of Christianity, hated and despised Christianity, and could see no good or wisdom in it. For 300 years it went through most terrible persecutions and floods of contempt. Under ten emperors, it endured ten merciless persecutions. The last under Diocletian extending over ten consecutive years, until Diocletian boasted that he had utterly annihilated it; yet it was still alive, and here it is.

Let, then, the Psychists call this most ancient of intelligences *new*, if they will, because they know no better, but let all well-informed Spiritualists cease to worship the mere idols of science, or expect from them light that is not in them.

When I went out to Australia, some years ago, I had a vision at sea, 5,000 miles from Melbourne, in which I clearly saw my brother's house and premises, and the landscape around it, and

also saw things in direct opposition to the news received before leaving England. Now, it was said all the men had gone off to the gold-fields, and that even the Governor and Chief Justice had no men-servants left. But I now saw abundance of men in the streets of Melbourne, and many sitting on doorsteps asking for employment. I related these things to my sons and several gentlemen next morning on deck. On landing, though I neither knew where my brother's house stood nor anything about, I steered across the country by the sight of the landscape which I had seen in vision, and conducted those gentlemen directly to the house. When in the street before it, we saw swarms of men, and some actually sitting on steps seeking work. All was so exactly as I had described it, that great was the astonishment of my companions.

Ten years ago, when Napoleon was threatening to invade England, and the volunteers were raised, the spirits told me that we need not trouble ourselves about Napoleon, who would never come to England as a conqueror, but after a while, would be taken away in a manner that no one could possibly have any idea of. That statement stands in my diary in its proper place and under its proper date, now locked up at my house at Esher. Could your new force men have told me as much and as truly? Not a bit of it; and if it were merely a new force, it could not have told me these things either. But the infatuation of these people is on a par with the stupid persistence of others who want to appear very knowing, and still go on calling Spiritualists, Spirit-rappers, though Spirit-rapping is but one little phase of a wonderful power, that includes a great variety of higher and more intellectual phenomena; but this disrespectful phrase seems only to show the animus of the speaker.

This power brought us from New Zealand the news of the loss of one of our sons before it could arrive by mail. Numbers of people have had similar experience. Mrs. Hardinge, in her *History of Spiritualism in America*, informs us of various most useful inventions in machinery, with the names of the persons who received them from the spirits, and the place of their abode. The most extraordinary of all is that of some ancient Jewish Spirits, who taught the art of making nets by machinery, an art lost since the time of Isaiah. These are wonderful feats for a mere force whether new or old. If science can discover any means by improvement of apparatus, by more fitting arrangement of the conditions of *séances*, or otherwise, to render the communications of spirits more rapid or perfect, as has been done to a certain degree by the planchette and the indicator, that will be a true and legitimate service of science, and worthy of its highest exertions; but if science still imagines,

in face of the luminous and never-interrupted evidences of the world's history, that it has got hold of a *new* force, science is about ready for Colney Hatch.

Yours faithfully,

Dietenheim, Tyrol.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### THE CRESLOW GHOST (1850).

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—The *Book of Days*, by the late Mr. Robert Chambers, vol. i. contains engravings of Creslow Manor House and Church, and the description of a female ghost, "seldom seen but often heard by persons who ventured to sleep in a room near a dungeon" in this old house. She appeared to come from the dungeon and always entered this room by the gothic door. After entering she was heard to walk about sometimes in a gentle, stately manner, apparently with a long silk train sweeping the floor. Sometimes her motion was quick and hurried, her silk dress rustling violently, as if she were engaged in a desperate struggle. About the year 1850 a gentleman unexpectedly slept here, a strong-minded man of powerful frame and of undaunted courage, who entertained a contempt for all ghost stories. Like Mr. Roche, at Lord Westbury's, he rose early in the morning and walked out before other persons had risen. He appeared at breakfast and gave the following account of what had occurred. He said: "Having entered my room I locked and bolted both doors, carefully examined the whole room and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it but myself, nor any entrance but those I had secured, I got into bed and was soon lost in slumber. Suddenly, I was aroused and on raising my head, I heard a sound resembling the light soft tread of a lady's footstep accompanied with the rustling as of a silk gown. I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle. There was nothing to be seen and nothing to be heard. I examined the whole room. I looked under the bed, into the fire-place, up the chimney, and at both the doors which were fastened as I left them. I looked at my watch and it was a few minutes past twelve. As all was now quiet I extinguished the candle, and entered my bed and soon fell asleep. I was again aroused. The noise was louder than before. It seemed like the violent rustling of a stiff silk dress. I sprang out of bed, darted to the spot where the noise was, and tried to grasp the intruder in my arms, which met together, but enclosed—nothing. The noise passed to another part of the room and I followed it, groping near the floor to prevent anything passing under my arms. I could feel nothing, the noise had passed away through the gothic door, and all was still as death!" This door was shut and fastened as before. Subsequently, the occupant of this room lighted a candle, and slept until morning without any disturbance, "not a little perplexed at not being able to detect the cause of the noise, nor to account for its cessation when the candle was relighted." A seer or seeress,—the young visitor at Ramhurst, for instance,—seems to have been required. Creslow is near Aylesbury. This work, vol. ii., described the "Lyttelton Ghost Story," as being "not only one of the most remarkable,—one spiritual occurrence supporting another, but also one of the best authenticated, and most difficult to explain away, if we are to allow human testimony to be of the least value."

CHR. COOKE.

London, 26th August, 1871.